CAROLINIAN

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CAROLINIAN

VOL. II APRIL-MAY, 1917 No. 3

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Summer Days

Mary Ola Harmon

Welcome, welcome, joyous days of Summer,
When away from school o'er meads and leas,
  Happily we hunt new flowers and play—
  With no task or lesson the livelong day!
Oh! we welcome the glad days of Summer!

With the hearts delight we welcome Summer,
Time of rest and care free moons
  Time we fill with laughing and singing
  The heart with blithe joyousness ringing,
Oh! we welcome the bright days of Summer!

Welcome, welcome, happy days of Summer,
That God has given in their holiday trim,
  Then let us remember forever Him
  Who gave all life, joy, and beauty therein,
Oh! we welcome the glad days of Summer!

The History of the Croatans

A. W. N., '17

One who undertakes to write anything pertaining to the early settlers of America is more or less wholly dependent upon the writings of former historians and, perhaps, is incapable of treating the subject impartially because of personal prejudice. On a subject as "The History of the Croatans," an account of a tribe of Indians which had its beginning at the time of the first English landing in America and which is in existence at the present day with the differences of unlimited opinion concerning the descendency of the Croatans, there must be a theory of opinion adopted by me. One view will certainly have to be followed out. If there is not a personal prejudice in regard to their descendency, the work will become colorless and uninteresting. Therefore, I beg to be allowed some space for the "special pleading" of my favorite opinion provided the facts of history are not thrown out of adjustment.

The discovery of America in 1492 by Columbus aroused all Europe. Every nation was determined to send out expeditions to explore this new world, and each was greedy of possessions. England naturally wished to share in the spoils. Queen Elizabeth in 1584 granted to Sir Walter Raleigh the charge and direction to send out expeditions to the new world. The first voyage was made by M. Philip Armadas and M. Arthur Barlow. Barlow gives the following account and addresses it to Sir Walter Raleigh; "The 27th of April in the yere of our redemption 1584, we departed the west of England with two barks well furnished with men and victuals—The 10th of June we were fallen with the Islands of the West Indes—The 2nd of July we found Shole water wher we smelt so sweet and so strong a smel as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with odoriferous flowers by which we were assured that the land could not be farre distant". . . . .[1]

[1] North Carolina Day Book. 1901, p. 6.

"The 4th of July we arrived upon the coast which we supposed to be a continent and we sayled along the same 120 miles before we could find any entrance or river issuing into the sea. The first that appeared unto us we entered and cast anker about three harquebus-shot within the haven's mouth and after thanks given to God for our safe arrivale thither we manned our boats and went to view the land next adjoining and to take possession of the same in right of the Queene's most excellent majestie—Wee came to an island which they call Roanoke distant severo leagues from the harbor by which we entered and at the north end thereof was a village of nine houses built of cedar and fortified round about with sharp trees—We were entertained with as much bounty as they could possibly devise. We found the people most gentle loving and faithful voide of all guile and treason and such as live after the manner of the golden age."[2] This is certainly a handsome tribute to our Hatteras or Croatan Indians and well shows some of their many good characteristics. They afterwards did not have any cause to return the compliment.

These Indians differed from the other natives of America in that they had a few iron implements, and among them the colonists noticed children with chestnut and auburn colored hair. The Indians told them that twenty-six years before a ship manned by white men was cast ashore at Secotan and that some of the crew survived, but some time after this the men tried to escape on a small boat and were drowned. They also told a story that six years later another vessel was wrecked on the coast but all the crew perished. From these wrecks the Indians had obtained nails, spikes and edged tools. But for this explanation by the Indians this would have perplexed even the archaeologist. These people were surely hospitable and kind to the "new comers." They led an easy life in a land abounding in fruit, fish, and game. They wished to obtain kettles and pans from the white people to use as shields in battle; they wanted also the swords and knives. The king's brother was very kind, sending them melons, fruits, and pres-

[2] North Carolina Day Book. 1901, p. 7.

ents of bucks, conies, hares, and fish. When they visited the Indians on Roanoke, the record says: "Standing near unto the water's side the wife of Granganimeo the king's brother came running out to meet us very cheerful and friendly (her husband not being in the village) some of her people she commanded to draw our boats on shore, others she commanded to carry us on their backs to dry ground, and others to bring our oars to the house for fear of stealing. When we were come to the outer room having five rooms to her house she caused us to sit down by a great fire and after took off our clothes and washed them and dried them again. Some of the women washed our feet in warm water, and she, herself, took pains to see all things ordered in the best manner she could."[3] Barlow describes Granganimeo's wife and her attendants: "His wife was very well favored of man stature and very beautiful, she had on her back a long cloak of skins with fur next to her body and before her a piece of the same; about her forehead she had a band of white coral; in her ears she had bracelets of pearls hanging down to her middle. The rest of her women wore pendants of copper in either ear and some of the king's children and other noblemen had five or six in either ear. Granganimeo wore a crown of polished copper which he would not allow to be removed. The noblewomen of the party wore their hair long on both sides and the men on but one side. They are of color yellowish and their hair very black."[4]

After remaining in this country about two months making discoveries and explorations, this expedition returned to England, having established friendship with the natives. These explorers were highly pleased with the country as well as with the Indians. Manteo and Wanchese, two members of the tribe, accompanied them on their return.

The following year Sir Walter Raleigh prepared a second expedition which was to transport a hundred colonists for settlement in Virginia. August 17th, 1585, they landed on Roanoke Island. A week after the landing Greenville took

[3] The First Founders in America—Wm. Fitch—Oct. 29, 1913, p. 20.
[4] The First Founders in America—Wm. Fitch—Oct. 29, 1913, p. 21.

his leave of the colonists who were under charge of Ralph Lane and departed for England. It was on this expedition that Manteo and Wanchese returned to their native country.

After erecting dwelling houses on the northern end of the island and constructing a fort which they called Fort Raleigh, Lane began excursions in every direction for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the country and its products. To the northward they went eighty miles to Secotan that lay near the mouth of the Neuse. They reached the Chesipeans—on the west they went as far as Chowanoak, an Indian village on the Chowan River. Here they found an Indian sovereign, Weroance, who ruled about eight hundred warriors—having subject to him eighteen villages. These villages or towns consisted of about thirty houses and oftener ten or fifteen. They were made with small poles fastened at the top, the sides being covered with bark and usually about twenty feet long. Some were forty and sixty feet long and divided into rooms.

In the spring of 1586, famine threatened the colonists. Their provisions being exhausted, they had to rely totally on supplies from the Indians, and the Indians had become hostile. A plot was formed among the Indians to massacre all the English. This was revealed to Lane by Skyco, a son of one of their kings. Lane decided to strike at once because if he waited longer, his men were liable to be massacred at any time.

A week later Sir Frances Drake arrived off the coast and offered them transportation to England. They accepted the invitation and returned with Drake. However, they left fifteen men to hold possession of the land.

The next year a third expedition was sent out entrusted to John White. He writes, "In the yere of our Lord, 1587 Sir Walter Raliegh intended to persevere in the planting of his country of Virginia prepared a newe colonie of one hundred and fifty men to be sent thither under the charge of John White whom he appointed governor and also appointed unto him twelve assistants unto whom he gave a charter and incorporated them by the name of Governour and Assistants of the Citie of Raleigh in Virginia. Our fleete being in number

three saile—the Admirale a shippe of one hundred and twenty tunnes, a Flie boat, and a Pinnesse departed the 26th of April from Portsmouth."[5] This colony having become very well established in their new home, desired that White should return to England for supplies. Finally, deciding to go, he took his leave of his grand-daughter, Virginia Dare, who was the first white child born in America, Elinor, his daughter, and the rest of the colony on the twenty-seventh of August.

Three years elapsed before White returned to Roanoke. When he came, he found the island where he had left the colonists deserted, desolate, and the settlers gone. But where had they gone? No one was left to tell the story. A truly sad and pathetic story. One full of mystery.

White told his sad story in better words than later writers can find. "The 20 of March the three shippes, the Hopewell, the John Evangelist, and the Little John, put to sea from Plymouth—The 15th of August we came to an anker at Hatorask and saw a great smoke rise in the Ile Roanoke neere the place where I left our colony the yeere 1587—The next morning our two boats went ashore and we saw another great smoke, but when we came to it we found no man nor signe that any had been there lately."[6]

When White left the colony in 1587, it had been agreed between them if anything should happen that they should have to leave the island, they would indicate the place to which they had gone by carving the name on the bark of a tree. If they went in distress a cross was to be placed above the name.

"The 17 of August our boats were prepared again to go up to Roanoke—Toward the north ende of the island we espied the light of a great fire through the woods; when we came right over against it, we sounded with the trumpet a call and afterwards many familiar English tunes and songs and called to them friendly, but we had no answer: we therefore, landed and coming to the fire, we found the frasse and sundry rotten trees burning about the place—As we entered up the

[5] Ashe's History of North Carolina.
[6] The First Founders in America—Wm. Fitch—Oct. 29, 1913, p. 30.

sandy banke upon a tree in the very browe thereof were curiously carved these faire Roman letters C. R. O. which letters we knew to signifie the place where I should find the planters seated, according to a secret token agreed upon between them and me at my last departure from them which was that they should not faile to write or carve on the trees or postes of the dores the name of the place where they should be seated; and if they should be distressed that then they should carve over the letters a cross in this form X but we found no such sign of distresse. We found the houses taken down and the place strongly enclosed with high palisado of great trees with cortynes and flankers very fortlike and one of the chief trees at the right side of the entrance had the barke taken off and five foot from the ground in fayre capitale letters was graven C R O A T A N without any cross or sign of distress."[7]

Evidently the colony went to Croatan, the home of the friendly chief, Manteo, on the banks and islands of our coast. None of them were ever seen again by white man. They "died and left no sign." It has become strongly believed that their descendants are found in Robeson County, North Carolina.

White did not explain satisfactorily why he did not search more diligently for his grand-daughter. He did say that the weather was unfavorable and when returning to the ship after a night's storm next morning, all cables were broken. On account of this he was compelled to return to England. Probably the breaking of this one cable left the fate of the colony in mysticism for eternity. White would have searched perhaps if this had not happened.

What became of his grand-daughter—little Virginia Dare? Did she die in infancy and does her dust mingle with the soil of Roanoke Island? Did her childish feet wander with the settlers to Croatan or did she live and marry among the friendly Croatans? Her descendants probably are living today. There can be no answer. No one was left to tell the story. From

[7] Hamilton McMillan's Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony, pp. 9-10.

the deep abyss of the past there comes no answer—only a faint echo returns.

The colony left in America knew nothing of the troubled state of England. After awaiting the return of White, no doubt they thought that something must have happened to him that he never would return. How sad those hearts must have been! With all probability driven by want of supplies, perhaps by the savage enemy, they sought refuge among friends, the Hatteras Indians at Croatan. Although these savages had great faults, they were this through temperament and heredity. But with all their faults they were capable of the noblest virtues and endeavors of our higher humanity.

Lawson, a hundred years afterwards, while making exploration to the southwest of Pamlico Sound, met up with a band of Croatan Indians who were revisiting their old hunting ground. He writes the following story: "The Hatteras (Croatan) Indians who lived on Roanoke Island or much frequented their locality tell us that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being frequently found among these Indians and no other. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English and are ready to do them all friendly offices. It is probable that this settlement miscarried for want of timely suppiles from England, or through the treachery of the natives, for we may reasonably suppose that the English were forced to cohabit with them for relief and conservation, and that in process of time they conformed themselves to the manners of their Indian relations, and, thus we see how apt human nature is to degenerate."[8]

It is impossible for this story to be a tradition and not founded on truth. Lawson wrote one hundred and twenty years after the original settlement. No doubt he talked with old men whose fathers knew of the original colony.

Captain Francis Nelson, who at one time lived in Virginia and left in 1608, left a map in which the following legends are recorded:

[8] Indians of North Carolina, pp. 113-114. Secretary of Interior, 63 Con. 1915.

"There remaineth eleven men clothed that came from Roanoke to Ocanahawan."

"At Peecaracamnick and Ochanahoen by the relation of Machamps the people have houses built with stone walks and one story above another so taught them by those English who escaped the slaughter at Roanoke at what tyme this our colony under the conduct of Captain Newport landed within Chesapeake Bay where the people breed up tame turkies about their houses and take apes in the mountains and where at Ritanoe the Weroance Eyanoco, preserved seven of the English alive fower men two boys and one young mayde who escaped the massacree and fled up the river Chanoke" (Chowan).[9] Their "young mayde" might have been Virginia Dare. John Smith and Strackey who was secretary of the Jamestown colony, both made mention of scattered parties from the Lost Colony. The Virginia company wrote of some of them as "yet alive within fifty miles of our fort—as is testified by two of our colony sent out to search them who (though denied by the savages speech with them) found crosses—and assured testimonies of christian X newly cut in the barks of trees."[10]

Later these Hatteras Indians moved to Roanoke and Chowan rivers and joined a kindred tribe. Hence, settling on the pleasant and delightful bluffs of what is now Bertie County. Records find them living in Sampson County and from here evidently they moved to what is now Robeson County. Probably they situated themselves here as early as 1650. Tradition points to a time before the Tuscaroran war in 1711. During the eighteenth century the Croatan held the country as far as the Pee Dee River—their principal villages and seats being on the Lumber River in Robeson County. These extended along the banks of the river for twenty miles.

They held the land in common. Titles did not become known until the approach of the white men. The first grant was made by George II to James Lowrie and Henry Berry in 1732—this was located on the Lowrie Swamp east of the

[9] Hamilton McMillan's Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony, pp. 13-14.
[10] The First Founders of America—Wm. Fitch—Oct. 29, 1913, p. 38.

Lumber River. Another grant was made to James Lowrie in 1738. Tradition points to others not known now to exist.

The Croatans believe themselves to be descendants of the Cherokees and English—at least this is a tradition among them. They lived along the Neuse River. They claim that they were friends to the English and received the white man's language, religion, and laws because they would become great and powerful. In case of war they fought on the side of the white man. They complain that they were treated as the "colored people."

There is no written history among the Croatans, only tradition is left to tell of their life prior to the last few decades.

The tribe has always been a restless one, wandering and migrating over all western North Carolina. After the white people came, a great part of them moved to the Great Lakes. Their descendants are still living in Canada west of Lake Ontario. At a later period another company went to the northwest and became incorporated with a tribe near Lake Michigan. In the year 1898 a party removed to Kansas.

In 1885 through the efforts of Mr. Hamilton MacMillan, a member of the General Assembly of North Carolina, who lived near them and knew their history, justice long delayed, was granted them by the State. They were officially recognized as Croatan Indians. A separate school was provided for them and inter-marriage with negroes was forbidden. Two years later Mr. MacMillan secured the passage of an act to establish a Normal School for training the teachers of the Croatan people. The passing of these two acts created much enthusiasm among the race, causing a change for the better.

The State now makes a liberal allowance for the support of the normal and Croatan public schools. The population in Robeson County between the school age of six years to twenty-one is one thousand one hundred. The school houses are built entirely by private means and all are frame buildings although they are better than the negro schools. In religion they are Methodist and Baptist. They own sixteen churches and also own sixty thousand acres of land in Robeson County.

Their skin varies in color from white to black. Often they cannot be distinguished from white people. They have prominent cheek bones, steel gray eyes, and straight black hair. The women are frequently beautiful, their movements are graceful, and their dress becoming with their gay colors for which they have a fondness. Their figures are superb, and they are quick-witted. These Indians are hospitable to strangers and are always ready to do a favor for a white person. They march in Indian file, live retired from the highways. They never forget a kindness, an injury, nor a debt. When aroused they are perfect devils, showing all the hatred, malice, cunningness, and endurance of their Indian ancestors. They are remarkably clean in their habits, a characteristic not found among full-blooded Indians. Something unknown to the savage was good roads, but these Indians have some of the best roads in the State.

Their speech is pure English, for they use no classical terms and it differs from the white and black. They have preserved many good forms that were used three hundred and twenty-five years ago which are now obsolete. Forty-five names of the ninety-five original English colonists are found among them.

These Croatan people are capable of great expansion. Circumstances have hindered their progress. Among them there have been two men of worthy note. Honorable Hiram R. Revels and John S. Leary. Honorable Hiram R. Revels was born near Prospect Church, in Robeson County, North Carolina, in 1882. After a prosperous residence in Fayetteville, North Carolina, he moved to Mississippi and was Senator from there in the year 1870. He was not a negro, but a Croatan Indian. John S. Leary was a native of Fayetteville. He was educated at Harvard University. At one time he was representative from Cumberland County. He became a lawyer and died in Charlote, North Carolina. Although classed as a negro, he had not a drop of negro blood in his veins. He was an able lawyer and was Dean of Shaw University at Raleigh, North Carolina.

Smith and Strackey heard that the colonists of 1587 were in the region of the Chowan and Roanoke Rivers about 1607. The explorers sent out by Raleigh in 1608 and 1610 heard that the colonists were alive, that they had joined the Indians, first settling on the Roanoke River and then moving into the interior. John Lederer also heard of them in 1670 and remarked upon their beards which was a thing never worn by a full-blooded Indian. Rev. John St. Clair heard of them in 1704. In 1709 John Lawson met some of them and was told that their ancestors were white men. As early as 1715 the white settlers which came into the middle section of North Carolina found the ancestors of the present tribe of Indians tilling the soil, speaking English, and holding slaves. The Croatans of today claim descent from the Lost Colony. Their habits, mental characteristics, and disposition show traces both of civilized and savage ancestry. Their language is that of three hundred and twenty-five years ago. Their names in many cases are those that the original colonists had. Then is this not sufficient proof to believe the Croatans are descendants of the Lost Colony? Yet

"The mystery rests a mystery still
Unsolved by mortal man,
Sphinx-like untold the ages hold
The tale of Cro-a-tan."[11]

[11] Margaret Preston.

look in his clear old eyes and his voice shook. He told them that he had a tale to tell them, and this was his tale. Many, O so many, years before a New England priest had come to his tribe, miles and miles to the northwest, to teach them of his great God. He, the son of the chief, had loved the beautiful daughter of the priest and married her. Soon afterwards the priest died suddenly and the Indians, not understanding his death, had blamed the daughter and had driven her away. They wandered about for days and days and finally found this beautiful lake where they made their home. They named the lake for the great blue heron which lived on its banks. The young wife died when the princess was only a few years old and her father had taught his child all he knew of the great God. Her mother had taught her to speak English and had given to her many of the traits of the English people.

"And now—" added the old man when he had finished his story. "The time has come. My dream has come true, for the great white chief has come for my child, and her mother calls me from the Kingdom of Poemah, from the Island of the Blessed. Keep her my son. May no evil ever befall her. She shall be your wife. I give you many blessings."

And he placed her hand in Gitchewahun's. He ceased speaking and looked away to the westward. The princess knelt beside him and with kisses and tender words begged him not to leave her, but he only patted her bowed head and answered:

"I must go. She is calling."

So they buried the old chief beside the grave of his beloved wife, and as soon as White Flower had recovered from the first shock of his death, they talked of the future. The professor had finished his work so they made ready to return to their homes. The sad look on his wife's face distressed Gitchewahun and all his stories of the great cities could do little to cheer her.

At last they were at the shore where they had left their boats so many months before. All was stored and ready for departure when Gitchewahun turned and saw White Flower—

her hands outstretched to the forest and great tears running down her cheeks and she was saying softly, over and over:

"My land—my mother—my father—farewell—forever."

He could stand it no longer. He loved the forest too, he loved the wild life and above all he loved his wife.

"You go," he said to his friend, "I shall stay on awhile. Some day perhaps we shall follow you. Take my picture to my aunt to keep for me."

Then he looked back where White Flower was standing and added, "She is happy here, and I love her happiness."

So saying he went to her, drew her to the shore and with his strong arm about her, they watched their friend depart.

As the sun was sinking once more behind the trees, they turned again into the forest to find there love and perfect happiness.

"Are you happy, White Flower?" he asked tenderly.

"Happy—? O Gitchewahun, it will take forever to tell you how happy—and how much I love you."

And Gitchewahun thought her voice was never so wonderfully sweet or tender.

A German-American Alliance

Eva Vandergrit, '20

As the train was leaving a small town in North Carolina on a bright April morning, a soldier boy, Harry Kilpatrick, stood on the rear platform of the disappearing train and waved a cheerful farewell to his weeping mother. This was his first trip away from home. Although he tried to be cheerful he felt that this might be the last time he would see his old home and the scenes so dear to him as a boy. He did not know that far away in a small German town another boy about his age was leaving home. This boy was Karl von Weber. Several days latter a little group of soldiers were standing outside of their tents talking. Harry stood for sometime listening to their conversation, but as it did not interest him very much he wandered off so that he could be alone and think of his lonely mother and dear friends at home. He wandered into a wood where everything was cool and pleasant, a gentle breeze swept through the trees.

The season was early and the country was gay with the freshness of spring. He sat down by a small stream. Hearing the sound of some one approaching, he looked up, he saw one of the German soldiers. The German boy was Karl von Weber. Harry invited him to have a seat with him. Karl told Harry about his home and friends, and something of the life in Germany, and Harry told Karl about life in America. When they parted they felt themselves already friends and both decided that they wanted to know more of each other and as they could not see each other openly they decided to meet secretly.

Soon they became fast friends. They would steal away from their camps and talk together, telling each other all of their troubles but never once mentioning any business that went on around them for they were too honorable to "tattle." They knew that would be betraying their country. Both these boys were of unusual height and joked each other about being

so tall. One night as they sat talking Harry said to Karl, "Tomorrow when we go to battle I am going to shoot you the first one for I can see you above all the others. You are so tall."

Laughingly Karl replied, "No you are not either I shall be sure to see you first before you see me, and I'll shoot you." They soon parted closer friends than ever before.

The next day the battle began, and raged furiously for several hours. At last when all was quieted down Harry slipped away from his tent and went to look for Karl, he went to the place where they usually met but not finding Karl there, wandered on to the battle field.

As he was looking over the dead bodies he saw a form that from a distance looked strangely familiar; his heart began to beat much faster, and going closer he found that it was his dear and most trusted friend, Karl von Weber. He knelt beside him and wept bitterly. He felt that he could no longer stay at that place without Karl and decided that he would ask for a furlough, so that he could go home and forget if possible the happy hours spent with Karl. He did not know where Karl's people were, and thinking that he might be able to find some letters or some clue he looked in his pocket and found a letter addressed to a girl in America. Harry had often heard Karl speak of this girl and knew that he loved her very dearly, but owing to the affairs between Germany and America they could not marry. Harry got one of the servants to dig a grave and he buried Karl in a simple and neat spot. He gathered wild flowers that grew near by and placed them on his grave.

After he had finished he went back to the camp and asked his captain for a furlough and as he had been such a faithful boy the captain granted his wish readily. The next morning Harry left for home. On his way he stopped by to see the girl Karl loved. Her name was Virginia Doughan, of an old aristocratic family. Harry went up to see her and broke the news as gently as possible. He gave her the letter, she opened it and read it. All the color left her beautiful face—she

moved a few steps and would have fallen but Harry caught her and placed her on the couch. As he looked into her face he knew that she was the only girl he could ever love. At last she opened her beautiful eyes, which were blue, and after looking at him for a while, she said, "May heaven bless you for your kindness to him and I shall always be grateful to you for his sake. Take this letter, read what he says of you, and what he has asked me to do and remember that if I ever marry it will be as he wishes."

Harry read the letter and was surprised as well as pleased at what he read. He took her hand and said, "Miss Doughan I thank you for what you have said, I want you always to think of me as your friend for his sake and mine."

Four years have passed, the was is ended, America has won. Harry went back to his home, to his many friends, and to Virginia.

In six months Virginia and Harry are to be married. Although Virginia still loves Karl, she loves Harry even more.

When they are alone, sometimes they look into the future and see many bright, hopeful, and happy years to be spent together.

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EDITORIAL

On Friday evening, May 18, 1917 the Choral Class of Carolina College gave a very interesting operetta, "The Gypsy Queen."

Carolina College was very fortunate in securing the services of unusually good speakers for this, her fifth annual Commencement. On Sunday morning, May 20, Dr. Franklin N. Parker, of Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, delivered the baccalaureate sermon. His text was found in Mark 10:35-40. The main thought that he brought out was that wherever Christ went in days gone by and wherever he goes today, there is a stir. It may be that sometime men are stirred and act in the wrong way, but that is due to man's imperfection. James and John were stirred to action and as James and John, all men with their human weaknesses and imperfection are able to drink of the cup that Christ drank of and be baptized with the baptism he was baptized with.

Sunday evening, May 20, Rev. Robah F. Bumpass, of Laurinburg, N. C., preached before the Young Women's Christian Association of the College on Rev. 7:16, "They shall hunger no more."

From 2:30 to 6:30 P. M. Monday, May 21, the departments of Art and Home Economics held their exhibits. Many people said that it was the best exhibit Carolina College ever had, and it is true that it was one that would do credit to any institution.

The annual concert was held Monday evening, May 21. The program was as follows:

Soldiers' Chorus ..... *Gounod*
Hark to the Mandolin ..... *Parker*
Choral Class

Aufschwung ..... *Schumann*
Lula Mae Cottingham

To a Water Lily ..... *MacDowell*
Gondeliere ..... *Stonjonski*
Estelle Steed

Ritournelle ..... *Chaminade*
To a Faded Rose ..... *Edwards*
Ola Harmon

Hark, Hard, the Lark ..... *Schubert-Liszt*
Louise Shavender

Scherzo ..... *Czerwonsky*
Reveil du Printemps ..... *Frimi*
Ethel O'Brien

Serenade ..... *Lester*
Tarentella ..... *MacDowell*
A Scotch Poem ..... *MacDowell*
Jeddie Mae Bristow

Polka ..... *Rubenstein*
Eva Vandergraft, Mabel Clifton

Liebe Zauber ..... *Kronold*
Rhapsodie Hon Groise, No. 6..... *Liszt*
Esther Geddie

When Life is Brightest ..... *Prusuti*
Tiny Fussell, Ola Harmon,
Mattie Ward, Mary Snead

Caprice ..... *Sapellinikoff*
In Moonlight ..... *Tealdi*
Mary Woodley

Song Fairy ..... *Bemberg*
Myra Ormond

Rondo ..... *Kriesler*
L'Alouette ..... *Gluika-Balakirew*
Mabel Clifton

Romancer ..... *Pascal*
Etude Un Sospiro ..... *Liszt*
Lucy Fussell

The Fairies ..... *Lerman*
Choral Class

Concerto Allegro, C Major ..... *Weber*
Faye Parker

Second Pianoforte: Emma A. Crane

On Tuesday morning, May 22, the Commencement exercises were conducted. After Prelude D Minor, by Miss Fussell, Merry June, by Choral Class, Prayer, by Rev. J. E. Underwood, and trio, Row Us Swiftly, by Misses Coville, McCall and Ormond the Commencement Address was delivered by the Hon. Robert N. Page, the substance of which was that men should always strive for the things our country stands for—the pure, noble things in life and free government; and that these things cannot be kept unless men are willing to fight for them. After Mr. Page's address, Mr. John, President of the College, awarded certificates in Stenography and Typewriting to Laura Chandler, Marguerite Ellsworth, Margaret Hancock, Emily Livingstone, Louise Shavender, Carrie Leigh Shelton; certificates in Domestic Science to Laura Wescott Coggins, Venie Sherwood Jackson, Myra Crawford Ormond; and certificate in Home Economics, Hild Moore Poe, granted diplomas in Art to Jennie Ophelia Ormond, Marian Estelle Townsend, Gladys West Dixon; diplomas in Music to Mabel Clifton, Lula Mae Cottingham, Ethel O'Brien, Esther Pearl Geddie, Faye Parker; diploma in Voice, to Myra Crawford Ormond; Conferred, the degrees of Bachelor of Arts upon Lucy Mae Fussell, Alice Winston Nichols, Ruby Jackson Vause.

After the doxology the exercises were closed with benediction by Rev. S. E. Mercer, ex-President of Carolina College.

SOCIAL NOTES

Jeddie Mae Bristow

MOCK WEDDING

In a charming rainbow wedding Saturday evening, April the twenty-first, Miss Alice Nichols became the "bride" of "Mr." C. L. Shavender. The wedding took place in the Carolina Y. W. C. A. Chapel. Miss Mattie Ward, with violin obligato by Miss Jimmie Parker, sweetly sang "I Love You Truly" and "Absent." Miss Esther Geddie presided at the piano. Immediately following the musical program, the bridal party entered to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The altar was banked with Cornus Florida. The bride entered on the arm of her "father" "Mr." H. M. Poe, by whom she was given away. She wore a handsomely hand-embroidered chiffon-organdy dress over embroidered net. Her only ornament was a lovely brooch, the gift of the groom. She carried a beautiufl bouquet of "orchids and maiden hair fern." Charming in blue silk and carrying pink azalea was the dame of honor, "Mrs." M. E. McCall. The maid of honor was Miss Jeddie Mae Bristow in blue chiffon over pink satin and carrying pink azalea. Misses Edith and Juanita Cameron in yellow and Misses Daisy Bennett and Callie Pridgen in green, acted as bridesmaids. They carried arm bouquets of Cornus Florida. The flower girls were little Misses Gladys Saunders and Rachael Nicholson. Little Miss Gladys Dixon, as ring-bearer, was too cute for description in her dainty white lingerie and pink ribbons. The ushers were "Messrs." M. E. Elsworth, M. E. Townsend, G. Kirby, and E. M. Vandergrift. The bridegroom entered by the side door, accompanied by "Mr." S. L. Hart as best man. The ceremony was performed by the "Rev." M .M. Hancock, of Rockingham, North Carolina.

"Mr." and "Mrs." Shavender left immediately for parts unknown. They will be much missed in their community, for they were very popular.

Carolina College has had a splendid series of student's recitals this spring.

Miss Lucy May Fussell, a graduate in piano, gave the first graduate recital of the College on the evening of April the ninth. Miss Fussell has great skill as a performer, and her thorough knowledge of music makes her a sympathetic interpreter of the masters.

On Monday, April the sixteenth, Miss Myra Ormond, senior in voice, and Miss Esther Geddie, senior in piano, gave a recital that would do credit to any college of older history than Carolina has. Miss Ormond has a voice of fine timber and excellent range. She gave many evdences of accurate and thorough training. Miss Geddie is one of the most brilliant performers of the College. Her training has been under Miss Crane almost exclusively and she reflects great credit upon the director.

Misses Faye Parker, Ethel O'Brien, and Lula May Cottingham, seniors in piano, gave their recital April the twenty-third. All three of the girls acquitted themselves with honor.

On the thirteenth, Miss Mabel Clifton gave her senior recital. Miss Clifton's program was one of careful selection and extended variety. Her renditions were delightful, coupled with her charm, personality, and manner. This made one of our most pleasing recitals.

On Friday, the twenty-third of March, Lieutenant-Governor Andrew Jackson Bethea, of Columbia, South Carolina, gave an address in the college auditorium. Mr. Bethea was a member of Ford's Peace Party and his address was a recount of his trip and experiences through France, Germany, and England.

The Y. W. C. A. gave a Colonial Concert Friday evening, the thirteenth of April. Old time songs were sung and played and delightful recitations were given. One number of the program, especially enjoyable, was the minuet rendered by Misses Chappelle and Coville. The stage was exceedingly attractive with its old-fashioned fire-place, candlesticks, piano, and high-backed chairs.

JOKES

Mary: "If you all want to know when the war is going to end look in the fifth chapter of Scriptures."

Rachel (looking in the *News and Observer*): "Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, first lady of the land. Who is she?"

Dorothy: "Did Milton write Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress?"

History class discussing war loans:

Lelia: "England will get the first loan."

Lillian: "No, Great Britian is going to get the first, England will get the second."

Callie to Louise: "Miss Crane told me to learn the scales grammatically."

Daisy to Tiny: "Every one says you try to misinterrupt me."

Miss Chappelle to English Class: "What poet swam across the Hellespoint?"

Mary Ella: "Tennyson."

Rachel (looking at Mary's new middy blouse): "When you die inherit that to me."

Ett: "The other day I wrote a letter for blind George, and today he asked me to read the reply, which he got from it."

Marion: "Why didn't he read it himself?"

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REV. R. B. JOHN, President
MAXTON, N. C.

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Very respectfully,

J. Y. JOYNER,
State Superintendent Public Instruction.

I know the high ideals of the President and faculty of Carolina College. I know something of the institution's equipment for Christian training. I know something of the beauty and healthfulness of the section in which the institution is located. With this knowledge I am happy to bear testimony to the excellence of what I consider one of the best institutions for women in the South.

T. N. IVEY,
Editor Christian Advocate.

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